

1374
A
DESCRIPTION
OF THE
COLLEGE-GREEN CLUB.

A
SATIRE.

By the FARMER. K

With the STATE and CASE,
Of Roebuck O Shaghnessy, Esq;

Inscrib'd to the People of IRELAND.

D U B L I N:
Printed in the Year M,DCC,LIII.

DESCRIPTION
OF THE
COLLECTED GREEN CLUB



DEPARTMENT OF SCIENCE

BRITISH MUSEUM

(4)

T H E
FARMER'S DESCRIPTION
OF THE
CALF'S-HEAD CLUB in College-green.

AS I strol'd the city oft, $\frac{1}{2}$
I saw a building large and lofty,
Not a bow-shot from the college,
Yet half the globe for sense and knowledge;
By the prudent architect,
Plac'd against the church direct,

Making

Making good my grand-dame's jest,

' Near the church ' you know the rest ;

Tell us what the place contains,

Many a head that holds no brains,

These dominic let me dubb,

With the name of calf's-head club,

Such assemblies you might swear,

Meet where butchers beat a bear,

Such a noise and such haranguing,

When a brother thief is hanging,

Such a rout and such a rabble,

Run to hear Jack-pudding babble,

Such a crowd their ordure throws,

On a fearless villain's nose ;

Could I from the building top,

Hear the rattling thunder drop,

While the Devil upon the roof,

If the Devil be thunder-proof,
 Should with poker fiery red,
 Crack the stones and melt the lead,
 Drive them down on every skull,
 While the den of thieves is full,
 Quite destroy that harpey's nest,
 How might our isle ~~then~~ be blest.

For divines allow that God
 Sometimes makes the Devil his rod,
 And the gospel will inform us,
 He can punish sins enormous,

Yet should we endow the schools,

Swift

For his lunaticks and fools,

With a rood or two of land,

I allow the bill must stand ;

isle might

You, perhaps will ask me why so ?

But it's still with this proviso,

Since

like

Since the house is took to last,
 Let a royal grant be past,
 That the club have right to dwell,
 Each within his proper cell,
 With a passage left to creep in,
 And a hole above for peeping,
 Let them when they once get in,
 Sell the nation for a pin,
 While they sit a picking straws,

save

Let them dream of making laws,
 While they even hold their tongue,
 Let them dabble in their dung,
 Let them form a grand committee,
 How to plague and starve the city,
 Let them stare and storm and frown,
 When they see a clergy's gown,
 Let them e'er they crack a louse,

Call for th' order of the house,
 Let them with their gauzling quills,
 Scribble senseless heads of bills,
 We may while they strain their throats,
 Wipe our a—s with their votes.
 Let his ———, that rampant ass,
 Stuff his guts with hay and grass,
 For before the town he fleeces,
Roger will tare him to pieces.
 At the P—— hollow boy,
 Worthy off-spring of shoe-boy,
 Tutor, traytor, vile seducer,
 Perjur'd rebel, vile accuser,
 Lay thy paultry state aside,
 Sprung from dirt, you regicide,
 Fall a working like a mole,
 Raise the dirt about your hole.

Come

Come assist me muse obedient;
 Let us try some new expedient,
 Shift the scene for half an hour,
 Time and place are in thy pow'r;
 Thither gentle muse conduct me,
 I shall ask, and you instruct me.

See—the muse unbars the gate,
 Twigg the monkeys how they prate:—

Let me be allow'd to tell,
 What I heard in yonder cell;
 Near the door an entrance gape,
 Crouded round with antique shape,
 Poverty, grief, and endless care,
 Causeless joy, and true despair,
 Discord perriwig'd with snakes,
 See the dreadful stride he takes;

By

By this odious crew beset,
 I began to rage and fret,
 And resolv'd to break their pates;
 Or I'd enter at their gates;
 Had not one, just i'the nick,
 Whisper'd me, let down your stick,
 What said I, is this the mad-house,
 A friend made answer they're but shadows,
 Phantoms, bodiless and vain,
 Empty visions of the brain;
 At the porch Briarius stands,
 Shews a bribe in all his hands,
 When the rogues their country fleece,
 They may hope for pence a piece.
 When I enter'd, two hundred brutes,
 I saw involv'd in wild disputes,
 Roaring till their lungs were spent,

For privilege of parliament ;
 Now a new misfortune feels,
 Dreading to be laid by th' heels,
 Never durst a muse before,
 Enter that infernal door ;
 Sp—r stifled with the smell,
 Into spleen and vapours fell,
 By the stygian flames that flew,
 From the dire infectious crew,
 Not the stink o' the snake of Vernus,
 Could have more offended our nose,
 Had she flown but o'er the top,
 She must feel her pinions drop,
 And by exhalation dire,
 Tho' a goddess, must retire
 In a fright, and make her way,
 But resolv'd were I to stay.

When

When I saw the keeper frown,
 Tipping him with half a crown,
 Now said I, we are alone,
 Name your heroes one by one.

Who is that ill-featur'd fellow,
 That doth madly grin and bellow,
 'Gainst our isle and liberty,
 Is it satan that I see,
 Honest keeper drive him further,
 In his looks are hell and murder,
 See his scolding visage dop,
 While the load-STONE does him prop,
 Keeper shew me where to fix,
 On these pupps a pair of Dicks,
 By their lanthorn jaws and leathern,
 You may swear they both are brethern.

Dear

Dear companions hug and kiss,
 Ask old glub is he a p—ft ;
 Tye them keeper in a fetter,
 Let them storm and stink together,
 Both are apt to be unruly,
 Lash them bravely, lash them duly,
 Tho' tis hopeless to reclaim them,
 Scorpion rods perhaps may tame them,

L—r
 D—her

Keeper, yon old dotard smoak,
 Sweetly snoring in his cloak,
 Who is he? why tis his G—,
 Mark his ill-meant solemn f—e,
 See he wakes, and now does grin,
 Half encompass'd with his kin.
 There observe the tribe of B—m,
 For he never fails to bring them,

While

While he sleeps the whole debate,
 They submissive round him wait,
 Yet would gladly see the hunks,
 In his grave, and search his trunks ;
 See, they gently touch his coat,
 But to yawn will give his vote,
 Always true to his vocation,
 For the court against the nation.

Bless us Jack,— art thou there man!
 What, M^a-gⁱ-l near to the chairman !
 You're too one of the committee,
 Yet I look on thee with pity,
 You are now a noble 'Squire,
 Sell thy country well for hire,
 Let them have from you no quarter,
 For your ancestors trod mortar,

And

And at Howth to crown your fame,
 On a chimney cut your name,
 To shew the world you'd be a tarter,
 Now for hell dye a true martyr.

Here comes a triplet could you tell,
 Where to find such on this side hell,
 Gallows J—s, G—r, and Cl—ts,
 Soufe them in their own excrements,
 Ever mischief in their hearts,
 If they fail tis want of parts.

Dreadful sight! what learned M—n,
 Metamorphos'd to a gorgan,
 For thy horned looks I own,
 Half converts you into stone;

Haft

Hast thou been so long at school,
 Now to turn a factious fool ;
 Alma mater was thy mother,
 Every young divine thy brother,
 Thou a disobedient varlet,
 To treat thy mother like a harlot,
 Thou ungrateful to thy teachers,
 Who are all grown learned preachers ;
 M—n would it not surprize one,
 To turn thy nourishment to poison ;
 When you look over your books,
 They'll reproach you with their looks ;
 Bind them fast, or from their shelves,
 They'll come down to right themselves,
 Homer, Plutarch, Virgil, Flaccus,
 All in arms prepare to back us,
 Soon repent, and put to slaughter,

Every

Every Greek and Roman author,
 Will you in your factious phrase,
 Send the subjects all to graze,
 And to make your project pass,
 Leave them not a blade of grass.

How I want thee, hum'rous Hogart,
 Thou a hearty pleasant rogue art,
 Were but you and I acquainted,
 Here ev'ry monster should be painted.

QUERY.

Why is B—le polite, and the brutes severe?
 Why is D—t muddy, and M—e clear?

The

T H E

AUTHOR'S CONCLUSION.

Sometimes among the caspian cliffs I creep,
Where solitary bats and swallows sleep,
Or if some cloyster's refuge I implore,
Where curst drones o'er dying papers snore ;
Still Nassau's arms a soft repose deny,
Keep me awake, and follow where I fly ;
Since he has blest the wearied world with peace,
And with a nod has bid Bellona cease.

C

I fought

I fought the covert of some peaceful cell,
 Where silent shades in harmless raptures dwell,
 That rest might past tranquillity restore,
 And mortal heroes interrupt no more.

But then alas! how long in vain have I,
 Aimed at those noble ills the fates deny,
 Within this Isle for ever must I find,
 Disasters to distract my restless mind;
 Diffentions like small streams are first begun,
 Scarce seen they rise, but gather as they run.

What D——t offer'd was by most approv'd,
 But several Voices several methods mov'd,
 At length the advent'rous heroes all agree,
 Gives way to foe, and act offensively;

Into

Into the house their bold ballations move,
And what the D— commands the rest approve,
But stand unmov'd dear B—le, our best defence,
And bring these villains into better sense.

So I conclude,— by looking round them,
May their God the D—I confound them ;
All their club, except a few,
Take grim Satan as your due.

THE

THE
STATE and CASE,
OF
Roebuck O Shaghnessy, Esq;

PHILOSOPHERS strictest inquisition of the soul, can never express her more lively than behaviour; wherefore the actions of mankind best demonstrate the virtue or depravity of the mind; with respect to behaviour, I am now with extreme reluctance constrain'd in this publick manner, to display the most unnatural treatment ever any unfortunate gentleman receiv'd in a country, whereof he is a native and subject.

I am

I am convinced, there is nothing fortifies a man against despair, so much as the contemplation of those objects which have heretofore engrossed him. This is a satisfaction which a prison cannot shut out. This I have determin'd to enjoy ; and if, in recollecting the circumstances of my past life, some unpleasing incidents may arise, even the pain they give, brings comfort with it, since the very worst of evils is to be insensible.

Thus shall I employ the paper has been allow'd me, and for this purpose I take up the pen.—— It will give little trouble to my memory to bring back those accidents, which like a chain, have been all linked together by their cause, and proceed from the same source : a love, perhaps, beyond measure of truth and justice, unhappily joined with the weakness of a heart too tender, has occasioned all the calamities of my life : My whole character is comprehended in these words, and the proofs of many years has sufficiently shewn me, I have no necessity of examining farther into myself.

These emotions were from my very infancy discernable : I came into the world with all the advantages of birth and fortune ; a man of great understanding in human nature, who had the care of my education, observing that I gave
myself

myself up to pleasure with the utmost eagerness and vivacity, yet, nevertheless, nothing was more easy than to recover me into the most serious reflections, used frequently to say, that between two inclinations so different, which ever got the better, would certainly be carried to a very great excess; and if any equality was preserved, I must be born to be the most unfortunate of all men; which last prediction has been, but too sadly verified.

As I intend in a few Days to publish to the World, a brief and real account of my Life, with a genuine recital of my misfortunes, which will take no small room in print, I thought it unnecessary to abridge the least fact, or transaction thereof, to bring it in this, and only by way of Advertisement present this to the public.

The E N D:

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